

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

Good-by, bright leaves! Poor, pretty, useless things!
Your scarlet robes are soiled and trampled now;
Awful—ah, such a little while—you laughed
And danced, upheld by yonder sturdy bough.
And then—he tired of you, and let you go;
You clung and pleaded, but you fell at last,
Shivering and shrinking from the unknown fate,
With never a hand to help you as you passed.
Ah, mystic world! Not yours the fault, poor leaves,
That you had neither flower, nor fruit, nor seed.
Nor 'tween restraining rootlet, still to hold
For you a place, in winter time of need.
I hear your wailing voices, as you float
To your dark rest: "Have I not done my part?"
I kept the fierce, hot rays from tender lives
Of those who do not heed my breaking heart!
"And even in my misery and death
In some strange way I feel, but know not how,
To other years some richness I shall give,
Some essence of the bloom on vine and bough."
But now the scornful world has blown you on,
And heaven's bright tears fall from the household eaves
Upon you, and your little life is o'er—
The fate of all the lost and fallen leaves.
—Fannie Barber Knapp, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Story of a Worthless Fellow

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

IF THERE are any sufficient reasons why a married man should go into the army, Louis Tappan had them. His five years of married life had been a cumulative failure and he knew it. What was more important, however, his young wife knew and charged the whole score of their mutual disappointment to him. Their one child, now a teething baby, had not healed their chafed spirits nor brought together their wandering hearts. Mrs. Tappan was a good little woman, so good that she neither sympathized with nor understood Louis' puerile ways, his passions for excitement, his slavery to habits that were neither necessary to her happiness nor warranted by his slender means, even in the days when he earned a good salary as bookkeeper for the Buena Vista bank.

Her father owned the little town where they lived, but he was one of those stern men who, having made their own way in the world, would discourage and resent the idea that they should give aid to others in the fight for independence or wealth. When Louis married Lucy Harding he admitted to himself that the old bank president was "a grouch," but in those days his self-confidence was not shaken by the prospect of working out a way for himself and Lucy. For a year he carried out his good resolutions, and even won a measure of Mr. Harding's crabbed regard. During that year the young people were fairly happy. The entering wedge of misery came when it dawned on Lucy that Louis didn't have any religion and couldn't "get" any. When he heard that she "had him prayed for" he lost his temper and they had their first quarrel.

After that his descent was rapid. They drifted further and further apart. The boy (he was only 23) lost his grip on good resolves and slid along the smooth and winsome current of his old, free habits. The row with Harding didn't come till the second year, but after that Louis' place in his father-in-law's bank became precarious. The old man warned, threatened and even persecuted him in the mistaken belief that he could scare the young husband back into the narrow path. But Louis didn't scare worth a cent. Long before the baby came he was in debt, neck and crop. His wife was getting morose and quarrelsome, and his creditors were beginning to talk about "going to the old man." Even that didn't move the rascal. He began to think that he was the martyr of an unhappy marriage, that Lucy didn't understand him and that her father was determined to break up a union that he had never approved. When a man gets to coddling himself with such assurances he's in a bad way. And Louis was in a bad way even before the grocer, who was a deacon in Harding's church, made what Louis called "a holler" about his bill.

That settled the young man with Papa Harding. A month's notice, a threat of starvation and a mumbled imprecation were what the bookkeeper got with his next pay envelope. After he was out of his position he made a few feeble efforts to find work; he made a trip to Chicago, and in a weak way determined to take his wife and make a home for himself elsewhere. But somehow the world seemed to have suddenly grown very narrow and selfish. His comrades of dissipated days and nights couldn't help him further than to "hope the old man will come round all right," and buy another drink. Harding didn't come round. He ignored his son-in-law when they met on the street, and only when the child was born did he insist on taking charge of Lucy. After she was taken to the Harding home Louis' heart began to fail him. He discovered that he was fond and apt to grow fonder of the child—a boy. Broken in spirit and pocket, he swore he'd mend his ways and find work. But there was none. He went to Chicago, met an old companion, forgot his troubles for a night and a day and came to his dreary senses in the blue, ill-fitting uniform of a "rookie."

He had a vague idea that he would "win his way" as a soldier in the war which had just begun; visions of com-

ing home a stern and famous officer—captain at least—crowded his oozyish mind, and with his hopes there mingled, stinging sweet, the sense that at last he might have brought home to Lucy and her people a realization of the fact that he was not all bad. He even imagined the old "grouch" pitying him, and in the thought was the grim satisfaction that now at least he had martyred himself. He swore softly to himself that he would never drink nor gamble again, and when he left for Chickamauga with his regiment he had not fallen from grace.

A scribbled note on a postal card telling Lucy that he was "gone into the army" was all they heard about him at Buena Vista for three years after that. The Hardings read all the war news with eager curiosity at first, hoping to get some news of Louis, but their interest waned again and again, to be faintly renewed with the actual beginning of the fight. But there was not a word about Louis, not even his name among the wounded, sick or dead, much less notice of his gallantry or promotion. Not until the Cuban anti-earlier Philippine campaigns had divided down into intermittent skirmishes in far parts of the islands did there come a hint that he was yet on earth. Then just a line in the list of "dead frok disease."

"Tappan, private company K, Twenty-third infantry; dysentery."

And there ended the career of Louis Tappan, the worthless young man of Buena Vista. * * *

The station agent at Culver, ten miles below Buena Vista on the Louisville & Nashville, saw the last train "hesitate" at his door, and was getting out his key to lock up when a well-dressed, swarthy young man with a small bag dropped off the rear coach and approached him.

"This is Culver, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where Mrs. Tappan, Mrs. Louis Tappan, lives?"

"Don't live here, leastways not in town. I know 'em all. No Tappans and nothing like that name round here. I'm pretty sure."

"Moved here from Buena Vista," suggested the stranger, wistfully; "moved up about a year ago."

"Oh, hold on! Tappan—oh, her name ain't Tappan no more. She's married to Bill Chesebrough. They was married at Buena Vista a year ago, and come up here to live. Sure I—"

The stranger coughed a few times, looked up and down the tracks, and then:

"Her first husband, Patten, laff—"

"Tappan," murmured the uneasy visitor.

"Tappan, he died in the Philippines. He was a no-good bum and deserted her and the kid, so she ups and marries Bill Chesebrough. Bill is rich, owns all their quarries over to Hopeton. I'll show you where they live; take you right past the door."

"No-oo," mused the visitor, half aloud, and fumbling in his pocket, "I guess I won't go up; I—what did you say her first name was, Lucy?"

"Yes, that's her. She was Miss Lucy Harding, daughter of old 'Skinflint' Harding, down to Buena Vista, richer'n hell and meaner still. He—"

"Yes, I know," was the interruption, "but you're going past the house, her house?"

"Yep."

"Would you mind stepping in with this?" handing over a photograph.

"It's a picture of Tappan for the boy, his boy. You see, we, Tappan and I, were in the same regiment, and when he got sick, he asked me to—"

"Oh, you know; his daddy's picture. I promised to give it to him."

"Oh, the Tappan kid; the one by her first husband, he—"

"Yes, that's the one. How is he? Does he look like—"

"Oh, that one died the first week they come here, diphtheria got him. He just—"

But the newcomer was out of earshot before the station agent could finish. Down the tracks he went toward the east, walking like a fury, with his head down and his little bag swinging in the dim light of the yard lamps till the night swallowed him.

The station agent whistled a note of wonder, looked at the photograph he yet held in his hand, saw it was of a young soldier standing bravely at salute, and turned it over. On the back was written:

"For Louis Tappan's little boy."

The station agent shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

"I'll bet that chap was a bug," he mused, as he walked toward Chesebrough's house, "but I guess I'd better give the picture to Mrs. Chesebrough. No-o-o-o, come to think of it, I guess I'd better not. Tappan is dead, the kid is dead and old Bill Chesebrough is jealous as an old maid."

He tore the photograph into small bits and threw them into the air as he walked homeward. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Crabs and Poached Eggs.

Toast rather thin slices of bread a nice brown; butter slightly and cover with half an inch of crab meat; place in the oven and heat thoroughly. Have some eggs nicely poached in rings, one for each slice. Lift from the water onto the crab meat and serve very hot. —Washington Star.

A Matrimonial Suggestion.

London newspaper men are afraid that American women journalists are going to crowd them out of business. Why, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, don't they execute a coup by marrying the lady journalists?

Sending Food Our Way.

Ship loads of potatoes are arriving at New York from Ireland, Scotland and Belgium. Evidently, says the Chicago Record-Herald, all the world doesn't propose to get all its food from Uncle Sam all the time.

A NOTED PHYSICIAN

Makes an Important Statement of Interest to All Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—The honest, intelligent physician is above the 'School.' Whatever is best in each case should be used, no matter to what school a physician belongs. I, as a matter of conscience, can only pre-



DR. W. W. W. of Lansing, Mich.

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severe cases of female disorders, I unhesitatingly prescribe it, and have never yet been sorry. I know of nothing better for ovarian troubles and for falling of the womb or ulcerations; it absolutely restores the affected parts to their normal condition quicker and better than anything else. I have known it to cure barrenness in women, who to-day are happy mothers of children, and while the medical profession looks down upon 'patents,' I have learned, instead, to look-up to the healing power, by whatever name it be known. If my fellow physicians dared tell the truth, hundreds of them would voice my sentiments." —Dr. W. W. W. of Lansing, Mich.

\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine.

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Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

New Seaside Remedy.

Prof. Heinz, of the University of Erlangen, claims to have discovered an infallible and very simple antidote against seasickness. "Draw a long and vigorous breath at frequent intervals," he says, "and you will never suffer from this malady." The reason, he explains, is because the initial cause of seasickness is to be found in a lobe of the brain, the sensitivity of which reacts on the stomach, and that when fresh air is breathed at frequent intervals the blood becomes charged with oxygen and thus the offending lobe loses its sensitivity. He adds that he has made several experiments on himself for the purpose of proving the efficacy of this novel remedy, and has also completely cured several persons who used to be seasick whenever they went on the water. Finally, he points out that the antidote costs nothing and can be tested by anyone.

A Liner's Metal Works.

The boiler tubes on a liner, if placed in a straight line, would reach nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than 25 miles. The total number of separate pieces of steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than 40,000.

Petrified Fruit in Coal.

Petrified tropical fruits have been found in coal from Spitzbergen, the island group in the Arctic ocean, midway between Greenland and Nova Zembla.

Sure Sign of a Small Man.

"I can always tell a man who thinks he's great," said a commercial traveler, facetiously, "by the way he speaks of other great men. For instance, when he alludes to the president as 'Teddy,' or to Chief Justice Fuller as 'Mud' Fuller or to Senator Cullom as 'Shelly,' I know he must be something of a person, at least in his own estimation. Such fellows, I imagine, had they lived in Egypt at the time of the exodus, would have spoken of 'Mose' and 'Josh' as familiarly as if they were everyday companions." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Just Like Her.

Mrs. Bombazine—O, I never have any trouble in spelling correctly; but I'll admit that I make a mistake now and then through carelessness.

Mrs. Blunt—Yes; I remember the funny mistake you made in asking for a berth in the sleeping car.

How did I spell it? "Berth?" —Boston Transcript.

The Peruna Almanac.

The druggists have already been supplied with Peruna almanacs. There is sure to be a great demand for these almanacs on account of the articles on astrology which they contain. The subject of astrology is a very attractive one to most people. The articles on astrology in the Peruna almanac have been furnished by a very competent astrologist, and the mental characteristics of each sign is given, constituting almost a complete horoscope. A list of lucky and unlucky days for each month are given. There will be a great rush for these books. Ask your druggist for one early before they are all gone.

His Preference.

Head of Foreign Missionary Bureau—Where would you prefer to locate as a missionary?

Young Missionary—Well, if possible, where the natives are vegetarians. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

But Few Experts.

The life work of most of us consists in making a living, and it is deplorable how comparatively few experts there are in the business. —Puck.

Half Rate to the Inauguration.

Account of the Inauguration of Governor Nash at Columbus, O., on January 13th. We will sell tickets from all points in Ohio at half rates. Tickets on sale January 12th and 13th, good returning to and including January 14th.

Its Name.

"Miss Frocks has bought a birdless hat," said Mrs. Canso.

"It might be called an Audubonnet, might it not?" asked Mrs. Cawker. —Judge.

Unavoidable Delay.

"What made you so late?"

"I came up in my automobile, and passed here three times before I could manage to stop." —Smart Set.

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Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The greatest problem we know of is how to get your back and front warm at the same time. —Atchison Globe.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. —Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Coach a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not play off-side. —Wrinkle.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

There is no cement that will repair broken promises. —Chicago Daily News.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than any other.

At times all of us insist on being miserable. —Atchison Globe.

The lightning calculator is merely a figure-head. —Chicago Daily News.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism? Do You Have Bladder or Uric Acid Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease which is the worst form of kidney trouble may steal upon you.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

Backache and Urinary Trouble.

Among the many famous investigated cures of Swamp-Root the one we publish this week for the benefit of our readers, speaks in the highest terms of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—When I wrote you last March for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, my wife was a great sufferer from backache, rheumatism and urinary trouble. After trying the sample bottle, she bought a large bottle here at the drug store. That did her so much good she bought more. The effect of Swamp-Root was wonderful and almost immediate. She has felt no return of the old trouble since.

Oct. 1901. F. THOMAS, 427 Best St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lame back is only one symptom of kidney trouble—one of many. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times at night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, constant headache, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, irregular heart-beating, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

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May Have a Sample Bottle Absolutely Free by Mail.

If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. In order that your request for sample bottle may have immediate attention be sure and mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Opportunities Wasted.

She was entertaining the assembled company with an account of their first quarrel and how, after making it up with one another, her husband had planted a tree in remembrance of it.

"If we had only done that," whispered the minister's wife to her husband, "what a splendid avenue we might have had!" —Stray Stories.

Real Pleasure.

Her Father—Aha! I caught you kissing my daughter, sir! What do you mean by that sort of business?

He—I don't consider it business at all, sir, but pleasure, merely pleasure. —Philadelphia Press.

Most Important, to Us.

Teacher—Tell me some of the most important things existing to-day which did not exist 100 years ago.

Tommy—Us. —Stray Stories.

The most bitter arguments are those in which neither person has any definite information in regard to the subject. —Puck.

Appropriate.

A Sunday school teacher in Carthage, Ill., has a class of little girls, and it is his custom to tell them each Sunday of one little incident that has happened in the week, and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones.

One Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut off their tails. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked.

There was a pause for a few moments, when one of the little girls arose and in a solemn voice said: "Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder." —Detroit Free Press.

An Explanation.

He—Your friend, Miss Dashaway, has quite a military air about her.

She—No wonder. She has participated in no fewer than 17 engagements. —Chicago Daily News.

Each succeeding year finds the medicated million less surprised to hear that diamonds and coal are the same substance. —Puck.

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